The Famous HISTORY Of that Renowned HERO, GUY, Earl of *Warwick*.

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YORK: Printed by THOMAS GENT.

The Famous HISTORY of GUY, Earl of *Warwick*, &c.

CHAP. I.

IN the bleſſed Time of Memory, when King *Athelſtane* wore the Imperial Diadem, and reigned Regent of the *Engliſh* Nation; Sir GUY, (*Warwick*'s Mirror, and the World's Wonder) was the Chief Hero and Knight of Chivalry in that Golden Age; whoſe Proweſs, and Noble Deportment, with his bold Valour, became ſo peerleſs, and excellent, ſurpaſſing all his Predeceſſors, that FAME's loud Trumpet ſounded *Warwick*'s Praiſe through the World, by which *Jews*, *Turks*, and *Infidels*, tremble at the Name of GUY.

But as *Mars*, the God of Battle, was inſpir'd with the amorous Beauty of *Venus*; ſo our Sir *Guy*, by no Man conquered, was overcome by Love of *Phillis* the Fair, (ſo ſhe was called by the Vulgar) becauſe of her exquiſite Beauty and Features; whoſe Virtue was ineſtimable with ſuch modeſt Behaviour, ſo abundantly overflowing in her Breaſt, that her Graces, and her Effigies, made a perfect Sympathy. This bright Heavenly Star ſhone with ſuch Luſtre, that

Guy's poor Heart was raviſh'd with her Countenance, from whence proceeded Ætherial Darts of Amity, directed by *Cupid*'s over-reaching Power, that our admiring Champion proſtrated to the Earth, in Adoration of his Heavenly *Phillis*, his Earthly Goddeſs, whoſe Beauty was ſo rare and excellent, that *Hellena*, the Pride of *Greece*, might ſeem an *Æthiopian* to her, being the faireſt Creature under the Sun. This Heavenly Object, to *Guy*'s Sight, which ſhone with ſuch Glory and Splendor from the Face of fair *Phillis*, cauſed numerous Contemplations in his Love-ſick Mind, which are but meer Fancies ſpringing from Affection, leading the overtaken Lover into crooked Mazes, Labyrinths, and Seas of Troubles; therefore Sir *Guy* reſolved to make Tryal of his Love-Deſires; and, not to ſtand doting on a Woman's Beauty, but to purſue the On-ſet, according to *Cupid*'s Invitation, by which the Game may be won.

Thus, reſolved in his Mind, he makes his Journey towards *Warwick* Caſtle, where *Phillis* dwelt, being Daughter and Heir to Lord *Robert*, Earl of *Warwick*. Being enter'd the Caſtle, *Guy* much deſired to ſee the Jewel of his Heart. The Earl, *Phillis*'s Father, hearing of *Guy*'s Coming, entertains him with great Joy and Triumph. After ſome certain Time of Repoſe, the Earl deſired *Guy*'s good Company, to recreate themſelves in Hunting: But Sir *Guy*, feeling Pangs of Love beating in his Ship-wreck'd Mind; feeling ſuch deep Impreſſions made in his Heart, by the inchanting Looks of *Phillis*, feigned himſelf ſick of an outrageous Diſeaſe,

as an Answer to excuse what had been requested. Lord *Robert*, troubled for his well-beloved Friend *Guy*, sent his own Doctor to assuage him of his Malady, for his Recovery. After some serious Dispute, the Doctor told Sir *Guy*, That his Body was very dangerous, and hard to cure; and without letting Blood, there was no Remedy. "Doctor, (said *Guy*) I know my Body "is distemper'd; but you want Skill to cure "the natural Inflammations of my Heart. *Ga-*"*len*'s Herbal cannot quote the Flower which I "lack for my Remedy: But I myself know "how my Sickness is, both to the Cause, and "the Effect; and therefore, Doctor, for your "Love I am obliged."

The Doctor departed, and left Sir *Guy* in his Love-sick Passion, sighing to senseless Trees, and chattering Birds, yielding Comfort to appease his Love-Afflictions; yet Choice of Cogitations spring in his Breast like an over-flowing Fountain: But still his Drift was how, and which Way, to obtain the Flower-Preservative of his Love-Disease. At last, thro' Time's Procurement, he cast his Eyes upon that Heavenly Face of *Phillis*, walking in a Garden crowned with golden Roses, and odoriferous Flowers; herself being Queen of this pleasant Paradice. *Guy* resolves to attempt his Design; and therefore intreats *Cupid* to assist him. "Teach me, "quoth *Guy*, to wooe; to court, and kiss; to "dally with Love's Flame; frame my Action, "my Speech, my Gesture; that I may be to "*Phillis*, as *Phillis* is to me."

CHAP. II.

WIth Speed *Guy* walks to the Garden, being entertain'd by a Damſel that waited on fair *Phillis*, repoſing herſelf in an Arbor of Pleaſure, whom *Guy* ſalutes with bended Knee, amazed with her Love-inchanting Eye, where *Cupid* appear'd in every Corner, as Comets do in their Ætherial Station, ſaying: "All hail, "fair *Phillis*, fair Flower of Beauty, and Jewel "of Virtue: 'Tis Love, fair *Phillis*, which was "my Conductor, and bound me in the *Sicilian* "Fire, where, wreſtling in Torments, hoping "in Deſpair, I wait the Hour of Bliſs, or Minute of Miſery. Cœleſtial Creature! made "in Beauty's Mold, whom Honour's Royal "Dignities do attend, as Stars, to wait upon "their Queen; be pleaſed to grant, and trace "my Suit, as *Hero* did to *Leander*: So ſhall I "think my ſelf as happy, in thy Cordial Love; "otherwiſe, fatal; compleated by the Decree "of Deſtiny. I know, ſweet Lady, that great "Princes ſeek to win thy Love, whoſe exquiſite Perfections of Modeſty might ſeem to "grace the mightieſt Monarch in the World: "Yet may they all come ſhort of *Guy*'s real "Affection, in whom Love is pictur'd with naked Truth, and Honeſty: Diſdain me not for "being a Steward's Son, one of thy Father's "Servants; for Love may abound in me, fair "*Phillis*, much more than any Mortal in the "World beſides."

Phillis

Phillis interrupted him, and said, "Cease
" bold Youth, and leave off this passionate Af
" fection, that doting Love doth not seduce you
" to such Fits of Idleness. You are but young
" and also meanly born; and therefore you
" may not love, and like, where you please
" Love is an idle Toy, and feeds your Brain
" with Fancies, leading astray every young
" giddy-headed Lover; and, as a Frenzy, ope
" rateth Monthly in the Brain, and disturbs th
" Wits with dumpish Cogitations. I would
" not for a World my Father should know
" this Passion; and how thou spendest th
" Time in concealed Imaginations. Thou a
" unfit for my Degree: For Honour waits n
" upon thee; and the Princely Eagle neve
" catcheth Flies."

Guy thus discomforted with hard Words
Phillis, lives like one distracted; and, in
Melancholly, tore his Hair from his Hea
wringing his Hands; and, overwhelm'd wi
Torments, continues this Love-sick Man, reso
ing to travel through the World to gain
Love of *Phillis*, or Death to end his Misery.

Long may Dame Nature frown, whose di
ful Looks make so many Ship-wreck'd Hea
in the Sea of Sorrow: But, when her Course
run, she wheels about to a Posture of Am
and sends a Smile to cure the Hearts that
wounded with her Frowns; by which Me
Cupid, being the God of Love, and Vice-
gent to his Mother's Court, issues forth his
cial Warrants, sign'd with a Golden Dart;
whosoever denies to appear, according to

time appointed, muſt endure the juſt Cenſure of their Will; *Cupid* knowing his Authority, and finding in his Records *Phillis*'s Obſtinacy, ſtraightway ſollicits her to his Mother's Court; and, becauſe that ſhe ſhould not think that he came only in an idle Dream, ſent a powerful Dart for a Teſtimony, preſenting her a noble Knight of Chivalry, ſaying: "Fair *Phillis*, "love him; nay, thou muſt love him; for "thou cannot withſtand my Power: This va-"liant Knight, with bold Atchievements, ſhall "become ſo famous in the World, that his re-"nowned Actions ſhall be crowned to everlaſt-"ing Poſterity." When *Phillis* found herſelf wounded, ſhe cries, "O pity me, gentle *Cupid*, "ſollicit for me to thy Mother, and I will offer "my ſelf a Sacrifice to her Altar! O pity her, "that has been too pityleſs; and grace me "with thy favourable Bow: The Queen of "Love from henceforth I'll adore; reſigning all "my Titles, Honours, and Dignities, which are "unfit for me: Let her be graced with them, "whilſt I remain a Servant to her Love, "Will and Pleaſure."

Guy, little dreaming of this ſudden Thaw, wanting the Balm of Love to apply to his Sores, reſolved to make a ſecond Encounter in Love's Enterprize, expecting nothing but Death and Deſtiny: So, coming again to *Phillis*, gives fire, with this Charge, ſaying: "Fair Lady, I have been arraigned long ago; and now I am come to receive my juſt Sentence from the Tribunal of Love. 'Tis Life, or Death, fair *Phillis*, that I look for: Let me not lie lan-

guiſhing in Deſpair : Give Judgment, O Fair ! give Judgment, that I may know my Doom. A Word from thy ſacred Lips can cure my bleeding Heart ; or a Frown can doom me to the Pit of Miſery. How happy are they, ſweet *Phillis*, that live in Love's Amity ; but threefold Miſery attends that Lover, that lives in Hate by his Miſtreſs."

" Gentle *Guy*, ſaid ſhe, Love is not at my diſpoſing : You know my Father's Name is great in the Nation ; and I dare not match without his Conſent."

" For that, ſweet Lady, I make no Doubt but quickly to obtain his Love, and Liking. If Martial Deeds may win his Love and Favour, I'll venture through the World, with a noble Reſolution. Let me have thy Love firſt, fair *Phillis*, and there is no Fear of thy Father's Wrath to prevent us. 'Tis an old Saying, Get the good Will of the Daughter ; and the Parents Love will ſoon be obtained after."

" Sir *Guy*, quoth *Phillis*, make thy bold Atchievements ſhine abroad as the glorious Sun that all Oppreſſors may tremble at thy applauded Name, and thy Suit ſhall not be in vain, nor deny'd."

" Fair *Phillis*, ſaid *Guy*, I aſk no more Never did the Hound more mind his Game than I do my Enterprize. *Phillis*, farewell take this joyful Kiſs as a Signet from my affectionate Heart."

CHAP. III.

THus Noble *Guy*, being at laſt enlarged from the Thraldom of Love's Cruelty, armed himſelf like a Knight of Chivalry, and prepares to croſs the ſurging Ocean; which happening according to his Expectation, he ſoon arrived in the Realm of *France*, where he heard of mighty Matters to be performed in *Normandy*, which Warlike Muſick did raviſh his greedy Ear; for the Emperor's fair Daughter of *Almain* was made a Prize for him that won her in the Field. Fair *Blanch*, for ſo ſhe was call'd, was ſpread thro' all *Chriſtendom*; upon which Report, the Worthies of the World came thither to try their Fortune. The golden Trumpets ſound with great Joy and Triumph, and the ſtately pamper'd Steeds proudly ſtamp upon the Ground: Each one there thought himſelf a *Cæſar*, who could abide no Equal; Kings and Princes being there to behold who ſhould be the Conqueror, every one thinking that fair *Blanch* ſhould be his: After deſperate charging, with Horſe and Man, much Blood was ſhed; and Princes were no more valu'd than common Perſons. But our noble *Guy*, appearing in his War-like Poſture, laying about him like a Lion, there lay one headleſs, another without a Leg or Arm, and here and there dead or wounded Horſes. *Guy* ſtill (like *Hercules*) charged deſperately; and killed a *German* Prince, with his Horſe under him. Duke *Otten*, vowing Revenge upon our *Engliſh* Champion, gave *Guy* a freſh Aſſault; but his Courage was ſoon cool'd: Then Duke

Reyner would engage our famous Knight; but with as little Succeſs as the reſt: So that no Man would encounter *Guy* any more; by which Valour he won the Lady in the Field as a Prize, being the approved Conqueror.

The Emperor being a Spectator of his noble Victories, and ſeeing our *Engliſh* Knight ſo valiant, ſent a Meſſenger for him. *Guy* coming into the Emperor's Preſence, gave to his Majeſty reverend Obedience; and the Emperor, as a Token of his real Affection, gave him his Hand to kiſs, and withal reſigned his Daughter, the Falcon, and the Hound, as the Maſter-Prize of his Conqueſt. *Guy* humbly thanked his Majeſty for his gracious Favour; but, for *Phillis* Sake, left fair *Blanch* to her Father's Tuition, and departed from that fair Court only with other Pledges.

Now *Guy*, beginning to meditate upon his long Abſence from fair *Phillis*, doubting of her Fidelity, or that ſhe might too much forget him, becauſe the Proverb ſays, *Out of Sight, out of Mind*; therefore, upon this Conſideration, he prepared for *England*, and at laſt arrived at the long-wiſh'd for Haven of Love; and, with this kind of Salutation, greets his beloved Miſtreſs: *Fair Foe*, ſaid Guy, *I am now come to challenge the Legacies of Love, according to your laſt Promiſe, which was upon making my Name famous for Martial Deeds, I ſhould be the Maſter of your beloved Miſtreſs: Behold, fair* Phillis, *Part of my Prize, which I won in open Field before Kings and Princes; and ſince this Conqueſt I cannot find any Men but Cowards in the World*

Quoth PHILLIS, *Worthy Knight, I have heard of thy winning the Lady* Blanch *from Royal Dukes and Princes; and I am much rejoyced to think that* Guy *ſhould be ſo victorious: But truly* Guy *muſt ſeek out more Adventures.*

Guy, ſomewhat diſcomforted with this Anſwer, wiſhes himſelf amongſt the Midſt of Battles: So, taking Leave of fair *Phillis*, clad himſelf afreſh in *Bellona*'s Arms, and aſpiring now to the Height of Reputation, travelled towards *Sedgwin* Duke of *Lovain*, againſt whom the Emperor of *Almain* lay in Siege: But as *Guy* was going this intended Journey, Duke *Otten*, whom *Guy* had diſgraced in Battle, hired ſixteen Traytors to ſlay him. *Guy*, being ſet upon by theſe Wretches, drew his Sword, and fought in Blood up to the Ears, until at laſt he had ſlain all the Villains, according to their Deſerts, leaving them to the Fowls of the Air to feed upon. This Storm being thus happily over, *Guy* comes to the Duke of *Lovain*, cloſe beleagur'd round with *Almain*'s Power; and little Reſiſtance did the Duke make againſt the Emperor. *Guy* cauſed the *Lovanians* to iſſue forth upon the cowardly *Almains*; and made ſuch a bloody Slaughter amongſt them, that they were much diſheartened: But the Emperor gathered new Forces, and beſieged it again, thinking to ſtarve 'em out with Hunger: But *Guy*, ſtanding on the Walls, threw them down Victuals in Abundance, that the Emperor might ſee they had Store of Proviſion: And when *Guy* perceived their Bodies better fed than taught, he ſallied out upon the *Almains* Guards, cutting off Horſe and Man.

that above Thirty Thouſand were ſlain of the *Almainians*. In theſe two Battles, the Fields overflow'd with Blood; but *Guy* got more Fame and Praiſe in making a perfect League and Peace with the Emperor and the Duke, than he did in his former Conqueſts, whoſe noble Head deſerved to be crowned with Trophies of Memory.

A perfect Peace being concluded between theſe two mighty Princes, *Guy* took a thouſand Chriſtians to fight with the *Turks*, *Jews*, or *Infidels*; and coming into the Midſt of the Battle, where thoſe Heathens were fighting, *Guy* with his Soldiers made a mighty Slaughter of the *Infidels*, inſomuch that they wondered at his great Succeſs and Victory: At which, *Colbran*, a mighty Giant, challenged *Guy* at a ſingle Combat; and ſo to cutting they went, and our noble *Guy* brought him to the Ground. Then *Morgadoun*, another Giant, went to revenge his Brother's Fate; but *Guy* conquered him too, and all the *Pagan* Champions, which made them leave the Field, and went for Security into the Town; where the Governour, a Blood-thirſty Villain, proudly came to *Guy*'s Tent, and demanded a Duel, ſaying, that he had promiſed his Head to a Lady; but when they had ruſh'd together deſperately, *Guy* being too courageous for his Valour, *Esbelant* fled away to ſave his own Head on his Shoulders. *Guy*, meaning to crown his Conqueſt with more Grace, challeng'd the mighty Soldan, the *Pagans* Chief: And as the reſt were ſlain by his conquering Hand, ſo the mighty Soldan, [illegible]er, was brought to the Ground; and perceiving his [illegible] departing, in Diſdain of

at *Guy*. Thus were the *Pagans* conquered by our *English* Champion.

CHAP. IV.

AFter this tedious Fight, in his Travels, he came to a Silver Spring; which Water was far more ſweet than Wine to the Appetite. Repoſing his wearied Limbs for a while, at laſt he heard a moſt hideous Noiſe, as the Devil had been a Progreſs. Being guided by his liſtening Ear, he eſpied a Lion and a Dragon fighting, biting and tearing one another with their maſſy Nails, that Blood iſſued out like a Fountain: But the Lion began to faint, which *Guy* perceiving, he encounter'd the Dragon with ſuch noble Magnitude, making this ugly *Cerberus* to yell and roar like the Fiends of Hell, at laſt down came the Dragon. Thus *Guy*, adding more Glories to his former Victories, went away as Conqueror; the Lion, for the Love of *Guy*, run by his Horſe like a Spaniel; but lack of Food made him retire to his wonted Abode.

So now, *Guy*, travelling to the Duke of *Lovain*, met Earl *Terry* by the Way, ſet upon by ſixteen Traytors in a Wood, who had taken away his Lady: *Guy* aſked of the Earl, Which Way the Villains were gone? At laſt *Guy* overtook them, fell upon the bloody Traytors, and killed eight of them preſently. The Lady, ſeeing ſo much Bloodſhed, deſired *Guy* to ſpare the Lives that were lett; and, according to her Requeſt, he did, reſtoring the Lady to her own Lord and Husband.

Now

Now as *Guy*, *Terry*, and *Oſile*, went about the Woods, they heard a moſt terrible Noiſe, which much affrighted theſe Friends and Lovers: At laſt, they met a Friend, who told *Terry*, That Duke *Otten* had ſtraitly begirt his Father about he Caſtle, and threatened to pull down the Town about his Ears. No ſooner noble *Guy* had heard Duke *Otten*'s Name, that great Traytor, but he and the Lords poſted thither, and freed the Caſtle immediately. *Guy*, in open Field, ſlew Duke *Otten* hand to hand; but his dying Words of Repentance moved *Guy*'s Heart to Remorſe and Pity. But as *Guy* returned thro' a Deſart, he met a furious Boar that had ſlain many Chriſtians. *Guy* manfully drew out his Sword, and the brutiſh Boar gaped with his dreadful Tuſks, intending to devour our noble Champion; but *Guy* quickly cooled his Courage; and ſlew the mightieſt Boar that ever Mortal beheld.

Now noble *Guy* is bound for *England*, and arriving in his native Country, News came to King *Athelſtane* of *Guy*'s Arrival, being at the famous City of *York*; where, after due Reverence to his Majeſty, the King told *Guy* of a mighty Dragon that had deſtroy'd both Men, Women, and Children, annoying grievouſly the County of *Northumberland*; and many worthy Knights had engaged their Lives to ſlay this deadly Monſter, but were all killed, and none could kill him. *Guy* deſired to have a Guide; ſo, coming to the Dragon's Cave, out ſtarts this hideous Monſter, whoſe Eyes did burn like flaming Fire: *Guy* charged him moſt deſpe-

rately; but the hideous Monſter bit his Lance in two like a Reed. With that *Guy* drew his Sword, and cut Gaſhes in the Dragon's Side, that the Blood iſſued out of his venomous Carcaſs, wounding every Part about him, that down came *Cerberus* to the Ground. Noble *Guy* cut off the Monſter's Head, and gave it to the King as a Preſent; whoſe direful Countenance, tho' dead, would affright the Living: And for *Guy*'s Praiſe and Memory, King *Athelſtane* cauſed the Picture of the Dragon, being thirty Feet in Length, to be wrought in Cloth of Arras, and hung up in *Warwick* Caſtle for an everlaſting Monument of Fame.

After all theſe bold Atchievements performed by him, *Phillis*, hearing of *Guy*'s Fame, and how he killed that ugly Dragon, came and met him at *Lincoln*; where, after ſome Salutation, embracing in Love's Purity, the happy Day of Marriage was appointed betwixt the noble *Guy* and fair *Phillis*. King *Athelſtane* and his Queen were invited to that noble Nuptial, with all the Princes, Nobles, and Barons of the Land; which Marriage was celebrated with much Joy and Triumph.

A little after the Celebration of the Nuptials, the Lord *Robert* (*Phillis*'s Father) dies, leaving to his Son *Guy* all his Earldom and Lordſhips: And the King, to grace Sir *Guy* for all his worthy Actions, created him Earl of *Warwick*, in Rank and Quality of all the Nobles of the Land.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

IN the Height of *Guy*'s Glory, being thus exalted to his Father's Dignities, Conſcience biddeth him to relent of his former Sins, and his Youth ſpent in the Behalf of a Woman: Therefore *Guy* reſolved to be converted into another Poſture; and, like a Pilgrim, intended to travel into the Holy Land. *Phillis*, perceiving this ſudden Alteration, enquir'd of her Lord what was the Cauſe of his Paſſion. *Ah!* Phillis, (ſaid he) *I have ſpent much Time in honouring thee, and to win thy Favour; but never ſpared one Minute for my Soul's Health, in honouring the LORD.* *Phillis*, tho much grieved, underſtanding his Determination, ſtrove not to oppoſe his Will; but, with exchanging their Rings and melting Kiſſes, *Guy* departed like a Stranger from his own Habitation, taking neither Money nor Scrip with him; but cold Herbs and Roots ſuch as the wild Fields afforded, was his choiceſt Diet, vowing never to fight none but in juſt Cauſe.

Guy's intended Journey was to go to *Jeru-salem*; but, travelling many tedious Miles, he met with an aged Man oppreſs'd with Sor-rows: For a maſterleſs Giant had taken fifteen of his Sons from him, and kept them in ſtrong Captivity. *Guy*, like a Pilgrim, demanded in Love of the old Man, the Cauſe of his Grief? Which *Guy* underſtanding, borrow'd the old Man's Sword, and went to the Caſtle-Gate, where the Giant dwelt, who, coming to the Door, aſked *Guy*, What was his Buſineſs to come thither? Or how durſt you (quoth *Amarant*, for ſo he was called) knock ſo boldly at the Gates? For this I vow, by all my Gods, to ſplit thy Brains aſunder. *Guy*, laughing to Scorn this mighty Giant, ſaid, *Sirrah, it ſeems you are very quarrelſome: Come, thou Dog-Hound, I have a Sword that ſhall maintain my Cauſe, which has hewed ſuch Lubbards as thou art often aſunder*: And therewithal *Guy* laid about the Giant's Shoulders with a keen and maſſy Blade, that the Giant bled abundantly; and *Amarant*, heaving up his Club in the Air, thought to have kill'd him quickly; but noble *Guy* was nimble, cutting upon the Giant's Pil-lars, inſomuch that he began to faint, deſiring a little Reſpite, to quench his vehement Thirſt; which noble *Guy* granted. *Amarant*, having ſlack'd his Drought, they fell to it pell mell; yet all the Giant's Blows fell in vain on the Ground; who being much enrag'd thereat, he flung his Club at *Guy*, and beat him down; and, e'er he could recover, got up his Club again: But in the end *Guy* kill'd this triple-

headed Dog, and releaſed divers Captives
had been in Thraldom many Years. Some w
even ſtarv'd to Death, ſome hung up by t
Thumbs, ſome were hung about the Midd
others were hanging with their Heads do
wards: Which ſweet Deliverance cauſed m
Joy and Thankfulneſs: But *Guy* delive
both the Caſtle, and the Keys, to the old M
and his fifteen Sons, deſiring no Wrong mi
be impelled upon Women.

Gaining this Freedom for the Captive,
went on his intended Journey; and, comin
a Grave, found a dead Skull all Worm-ea
with which *Guy* convers'd, ſpeaking to the Sk
and making Anſwer to the Head: *Perhaps,*
Guy, *thou wert a Prince, or mighty Mona*
a King, a Duke, a Lord? But the Beggar
the King muſt all to the Earth; and there
Man had need to remember his dying H
Perhaps thou mighteſt have been a Queen, D
cheſs, or Lady, garniſhed with Beauty; but
thou art but poor Worms Meat, lying in
Grave and Sepulchre of all Creatures.

And while *Guy* was in his repenting S
tude, *Phillis*, like a mourning Widow, cloa
herſelf in ſable Attire, to expel her inv
Grief and Sorrow, vowing Chaſtity in the
fence of her beloved Husband; which Pa
of Sobriety may be crowned to an everla
Memory: For her whole Delight was in Di
Meditations, Heavenly Conſolation, prayin
the Welfare of her beloved Lord: Alſo in
ceit ſhe travelled with him; for her Heart
fixed moſt abſolutely upon him; ſhedding

bitter Tears, fearing that ſome Savage Monſter had devoured him, or that Death had ended his Date before his natural Courſe; or otherwiſe ſhe thinks he ſits by a River Side, and wells the Water with Weeping, and hearing in Conceit as an Eccho his Voice: PHILLIS, PHILLIS! *'tis Thee I love.*

Thus *Phillis* ſpent the Remnant of her Life in Sorrow for her dear Lord; and, to ſhew her Humility, ſhe ſold her Jewels, and coſtly Robes, with which ſhe uſed by Attendance in them to grace King *Athelſtane*'s Queen, and gave the Money freely to the Poor: And in this virtuous Act ſhe excell'd all the Ladies in the Land; for none but *Phillis* won the Hearts of the People, relieving the Lame and Blind, the Widow and Fatherleſs; and to thoſe that came to crave an Alms, ſhe gave it them freely; building a large Hoſpital for aged and ſick People, that might be comforted in their weak Conditions; and, according to this Rule, ſhe laid up her Treaſure in Heaven, which will be repaid with Life everlaſting.

Whilſt *Phillis* was ſo excellent in her Graces, *Guy* her beloved Husband travell'd thro' many Lands and Nations: At laſt, in his wearied Journey, *Guy* met with Earl *Terry*, his ſworn Brother, who had been exil'd from his Nation by a maſterleſs Traytor. *Guy* bid him not be diſmay'd: *For*, ſaid he, *Earl* TERRY, *I'll venture my Life for your Reſtoration to former Honours and Dignities.* The Earl thanked *Guy* very courteouſly: So walking together againſt *Terry*'s Enemy, *Guy* challenged him into

to the Field, couragiously hand to hand to han- slew the Traytor, and set the Earl in his for- mer Places of Honour.

Thus noble *Guy* was successful in all his va- liant Actions; and, finding his Head to be crown'd with Silver Hairs, after many Years Travel, *Guy* is resolv'd (if Heaven had decreed it) to lay his antient Bones in his native Coun- try: For, by Nature's Course, he found his Glass had but little Sand; and therefore, returning from the Holy Land, he comes for *England*: and, when arrived, he found the Nation in great Distress: For the bloody *Danes* had invaded the Land, destroying the Country, burning Cities Towns, and Villages; killing Men, Women, and Children, in a most barbarous and bloody Man- ner, insomuch that King *Athelstane* was forced to fly to that invincible City of *Wincheſter*, for the Safeguard of his Life; which Town was strongly walled round about: No Cannons were used in those Days; but he was the best Cham- pion, that won the Conquest by the Sword.

CHAP. VI.

THE *Danes*, having Intelligence of King *Athelstane*'s being at *Wincheſter*, they drew all their Forces thither; and, seeing there was no Means to win the City, the bloody *Danes* sent a Summons to King *Athelstane*, desiring that an *English* Man might combat with a *Dane*, and that Side loose all that had their Cham- pion killed.

Upon this, mighty *Colbron* singles himself from the *Danes*: and, entering into *Hide-Mead*

near *Winchester*, breathing out venomous Words, calling the ENGLISH, *Cowardly Dogs*; and that he would make of their Carcasses even Meat for Crows, and Ravens. *Is now*, said COLBRON, *all your* Englisſh *Courage become ſo timerous, that you dare not fight? What mighty Boaſting hath there been in Foreign Nations of theſe* Engliſh *Cowards, as if they had done Deeds of Wonder, who now (like Foxes) hide their Heads, ſaying,* "It is good to ſleep in a whole Skin."

Guy, hearing the proud Diſdain of *Colbron*, could no longer forbear, but preſently goes to King *Athelſtane*, and begs the Combat upon his Knee at the King's Hand. The King liked well the Courage of the Pilgrim; and, when *Guy* was armed, bid him go on, and proſper: So *Guy* rode forth of the North-Gate unto *Hyde-Mead*, where the *Daniſh* Champion *Colbron* was vaunting in a proud Manner.

As ſoon as he eſpy'd *Guy* approaching, he diſdain'd him, with much Scorn, ſaying, *Art thou the beſt Champion* England *can afford for the Honour of a King, Crown and Country?*

Giant, (quoth GUY) *your Words are tedious. And is it civil for profeſs'd Champions to rail, filling the Air with idle Words? I have a Sword and Spear, that ſhall be my Orators, and make deep Impreſſions in thy Blood.* No longer ſtood they to parley; but, with Vigour and Courage, fought manfully. But *Guy* ſo cut upon the Lu[illegible] Carcaſs, that he bled moſt deſperately: *Colbron*, being moved to Choler, was mighty vehement againſt *Guy*, and in his Heart could have eaten him up at a Mouth-full, he watch[illegible]ng